

The Last Shot of Harlem

He stood on the hilltop, the last Harlem Billy.
The frost on his whiskers was heavy and cold;
For Harlem he sighed, though its winds were so
chilly.

As he sadly remembered the good days of old.
Then a flat-house attracted his eye's sad devotion.
For it rose from the spot where he first saw the
light.
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He ate up a cartload of cans in one night.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heartbroken Billy:
"The tom cat and cur to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge, was fired willy-nilly—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived up in Featherbed
lane,
Shall I chew circus posters through long, happy
hours;
Alas! the fond longing will ever be vain!"

"Harlem, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I'll revisit thy hills and thy vales
When, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken.
And sigh for a luncheon of ten-penny nalls.
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
On a nice rocky hill in the Harlem of yore,
Where villainous boys will have no chance to
chase me?"

I hear the response; it is 'No; nevermore!"

"Where is the shanty that stood by the wildwood?
It is gone to make room for a twelve-story flat,
And so many changes have come since my child-
hood

That really now I don't know where I'm at.
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Grieve for thy losses, for one and for all,
Tears, like the raindrops, may fall without meas-
ure.

But the Harlem of old they can never recall.

"Yet, all its sad recollections repressing,
One parting wish my fond heart now can give—
Harlem! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers—Goatville—long live!
Now must I lie me beyond Spuyten Duyvil,
Beyond the domain where the janitors dwell.
But roam where I may, thou wilt not have a
rival—
Harlem! Dear Harlem! Sweet Harlem, fare-
well!"

His First Success

In his cheerless attic, lighted by straggling moonbeams,
a young man sat in solitude. With the gnawing despon-
dency of realized failure he gazed despairingly at a prom-
inent object upon the rickety little table before him. It
was a huge pile of world-worn manuscript, plentifully in-
terspersed with ominous little cards which in distress-
ingly formal language expressed regret for rejection
of contributions.

His was no unusual case. So common was
it, in fact, that the tale scarcely justifies
narration.

Some time before, in his comfortable
country home, he had become infected
by that dread disease endemic in
rural districts, the desire to move
to a large city and therein com-
pel recognition of those talents
appreciation of which was im-
possible in his limited sphere at
home. He would sail forth.
The world must be his. Had
he not been born on a farm?
Had he not contributed to
the support of aged parents?
That was enough to insure
success, and he knew it
well, as he had read many
biographies of great men,
the one and only reason of
whose success it was plainly
implied was that they had
spent their early life under
just such conditions as those
which had developed him. He
would take the world of litera-
ture by assault. A new, bright
star would ascend to its heavens.
He was well equipped for conquest.
Hadden't he read an original poem be-
fore the annual church festival?
Hadden't he furnished the country paper
with local personals which showed mar-
vellous style, piquancy and veracity?

So it was that, confident of immediate
recognition, he journeyed to the great city.

How he wrote night and day! How pro-
lific his pen! How voluminous his contribu-
tions!

Alas! It was the same old story! How futile his
efforts!

And now, reduced to surroundings of misery and poverty..

An Ignoramus

The proprietors of the well-known Ne Plus Ultra brand
of chicken soup were sitting in their office one morning.
The senior partner was reading the newspaper, and the
junior partner was busy with the correspondence. He
read letter after letter, which had been opened ready for
him by his typewriter, and in a few words indicated
the reply to be made to each.

At length he read one which seemed to require a
second perusal. Then he read it the third
time, after which he said to his partner:
"This is the funniest letter I've read in a
long time."

The senior partner laid down his
newspaper and replied:
"Read it."

The junior partner read as fol-
lows:

"Messrs. Pluck & Boyle:
"Dear Sirs—Will you be kind
enough to quote us prices on
wishbones in cases of 1,000
each? If you have not hith-
erto been able to dispose of
your wishbones to advan-
tage, it will pay you to
enter into correspondence
with us, as we have a large
and increasing demand for
wishbones for decorative
purposes. Yours truly,
PAYSTE & PAYNTE."

"What do you think of
that?" asked the junior mem-
ber of the chicken soup firm.
"That's a good joke," replied
the senior member. "Where are
Payste & Paynte located?"
"St. Louis."

"Well, you will simply have to reply
that you have no wishbones for sale,
and that you can't imagine how they
got the idea into their heads that we
have."

Turning to the typewriter the junior
member dictated the following letter:

"Messrs. Payste & Paynte, St. Louis:
"Dear Sirs—We regret to have to reply to
your favor of the 6th inst. that we have no wish-
bones for sale. We cannot understand how you
should imagine we had. We never heard of wishbones

Her View of It

The questions are so sadly vexed that hinge on
woman's rights:

"Shall we in bloomers stride the bike, cast votes,
stay out o' nights?"

"Who shall be master of the house, the lady or the
cook?"

"Shall we, for every little fault, by men be
brought to book?"

Such questions are debatable, but this you will
agree:

"If there were not a she on earth there would not
be a lie!"

You're satisfied you know it all, complacent crea-
ture, man!

And that you shape our destinies to serve your
sovereign plan;

But while you're strong, we're stubborn—we're
subtle if you're wise—

How easily we pull the wool o'er your discerning
eyes!

Because some of the more advanced their sex's
ways eschew,

Desire to be in costume the duplicate of you,
Don't fancy we're all anxious to renounce the
skirts and trills—

Not while you can be relied on to defray the
modiste's bills.

We'll order, order, order, by the measure, by the
bale,

And ignore those vain objections so peculiar to
the male.

We'll never tell you flatly what we will or what
we won't,

For there are ways of doing things that seem to,
and yet don't.

So away your little sceptre, if you like, till judg-
ment day,

You're welcome to imagine that sometimes you
have your way!

Some questions are debatable, but this, you will
agree!

"If there were not a he on earth there would not
be a she!"

With a Muscular Back

"You wouldn't think it to look at him, but he
can carry a tune with the best of them."

"Tenor or basso?"

"Neither. He's an organ grinder."

SUSIE—After the wedding I am going to have a diamond ring too.
MR. BOND—Why should a little girl like you want one?
SUSIE—Well, sister said that when she married you we'd all wear diamonds.

THE MODERN FOSTER GATCHES THE EYE AND HOLDS IT, TOO.

TOO PREVIOUS.

A New Master of Pupp

POTENTATE—Have you ordered the new war-
ships?

PRIME MINISTER—Yes, sire.

"Have you given directions to increase the size
of our standing army?"

"Yes, sire."

"Have you doubled our usual order for arms
and ammunition?"

"Yes, sire."

"Have you hurled defiance at our enemies?"

"Yes, sire."

"Have you caused the publication of the rumor
that we are simply itching for a fight, and don't
particularly mind who knocks the chip off our
shoulder?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then affix the stamp of our royal indorsement
to the plans of the Universal Peace Congress."

he Was a Revolutionist.

DOLLY SWIFT—Has Mrs. Puffington any
ground for claiming to be a Daughter of the Rev-
olution?

SALLY GAY—Oh, yes. Her father used to run
a merry-go-round.

his Word his Bond.

MAUD (regretfully)—Yes, he proposed last night,
but I had to reject him.

CLAUCE—But you say you love him.

MAUD—I do, dearly; but pa had disposed of me
to a French count, and he was never known to
fall in a business transaction, so what could I do?
His commercial honor was at stake.

contemplating the beauties
of death and the inade-
quate compensations for
existence, he sees that all
is in vain.

Often in the history of
the world has it been that
in just such hopeless mo-
ments defeat has been
changed to triumph, ster-
ility to fecundity.

Selzing pen and paper,
the young man in inspired
frenzy dashes off a product
of his brain.

To a newspaper office he
rushes. He is admitted.
Without hesitation his con-
tribution is accepted and
money, more than a liberal
price, changes hands. At
last he has succeeded.

In the morning issue it
appears. What throbbing,
ecstatic, rapturous bliss it
must excite to see for the
first time a creation of
your own before the public
eye, to find yourself pro-
claimed a successful au-
thor!

He sees it in print, and
here it is:

"WANTED—By a young
man of good habits, a situ-
ation; will take anything
at all."



MRS. MULDOON—Do you hurt, Jimmie?

MR. MULDOON—Tell yes in a minute.

being found in veal car-
casses before. Yours, etc.,

"PLUCK & BOYLE."

"I think that will settle
them," remarked the junior
partner, as the typewriter
took down the notes.

He Knew the Freak.

JENKS—No fool like an
old fool. Now look at that
woman over there in that
freak bicycle rig. See her?

WILKS—Yes, I see her.

JENKS—Well, ain't she a
sight? What a fool her
husband must be to let her
loose in such a costume!

WILKS—I know he is.

JENKS—Know him, do
you?

WILKS—Oh, yes, I'm him.

Non-Committal.

MRS. BROWN—Have you
met Mrs. Smith, your next
door neighbor, yet?

MRS. JONES—Oh, yes,
indeed, often.

MRS. BROWN—What do
you think of her?

MRS. JONES—You know,
I never criticize my neigh-
bors, and I would be the last
to speak ill of any one, but I
will go so far as to say that
I am sorry for Mr. Smith

A Well-Kept Tense

"Geel!" muttered Smith, as he stood by the bar
with his friend Brown listening to a music box as
it automatically ground out various tunes, "I like
to hear these darn things, don't you?"

"Sometimes, but I remember one the sound of
which I never looked forward to," Brown replied.

"You see," he continued, "it was this way: I
used to have a girl upon whom I called, and every
night at 10 o'clock, just as the hands of a big, old
clock on the mantelpiece indicated that hour, the
mechanism of the article set off a music box con-
tained within and started up a tune which con-
tinued to resound through the room for several
minutes. How long I couldn't state, as I never
stayed long enough to see it through."

"That's very interesting," remarked Smith.

"What was the tune?"

"The tune," said Brown, "was that grand old
hymn entitled 'Are You Going Home To-night?'
accompanied by the ominous rattle of a dog chain
and the departure-inletting sound of heavy foot-
steps descending to the parlor."

A Woman's Wish.

MRS. DORCAS—You do love that cat, don't
you?

MRS. CORWIGGER—Yes, indeed. She's all the
world to me. I often wish I was rich, so that I
could buy canary birds for her.

how It happened.

QUERICUS—How was it he lost so much money
in the scheme if the thing didn't go up?

CYNICUS—It was a flying machine.